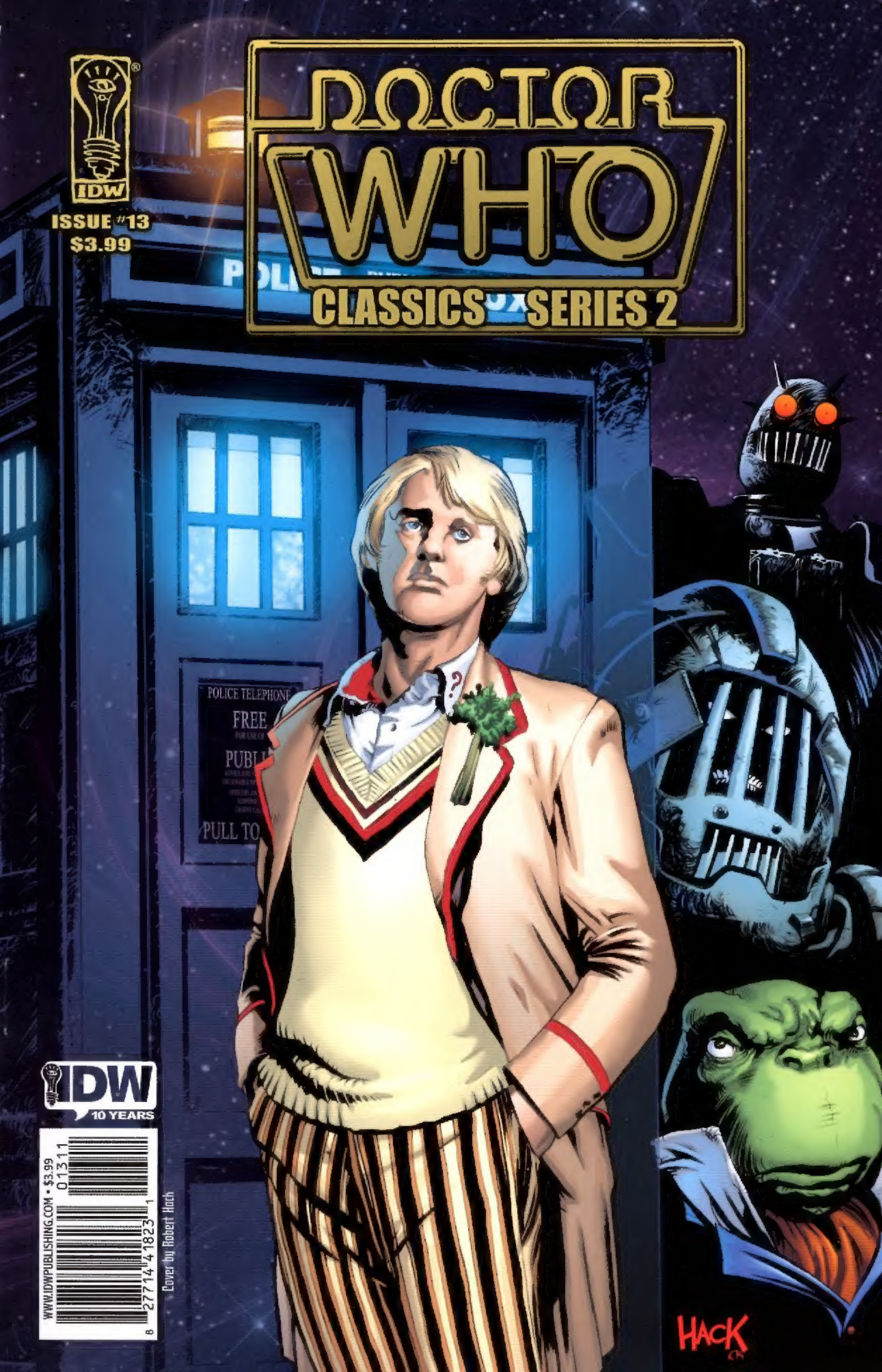
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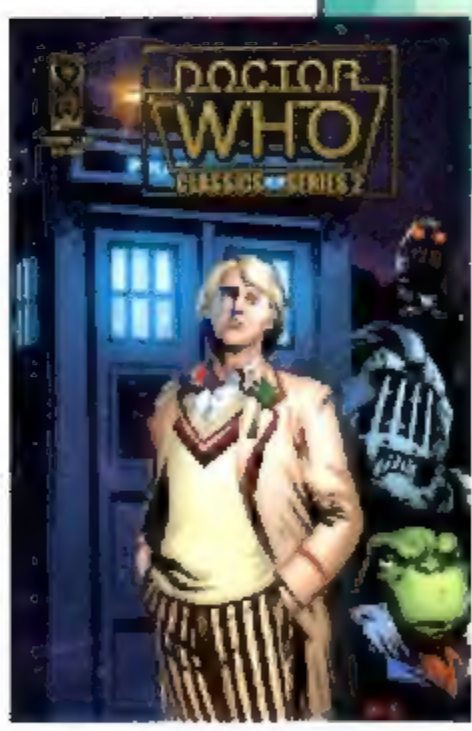

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Artist & Letterer:
Steve Dillon
Editor:
Alan McKenzie

Skywatch-7

Original Credits:
Writer:
Maxwell Stockbridge
Artist:
Mick Austin
Editor
Alan McKenzie

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Originally published in *Doctor Who Monthly* #52, *Doctor Who* Magazine #86-87

Special thanks to David Turbitt and Gary Russell at BBC Worldwide, Marc Mostman, and Mike Riddell and Tom Spilsbury at Panini Publishing, Ltd. for their invaluable assistance.

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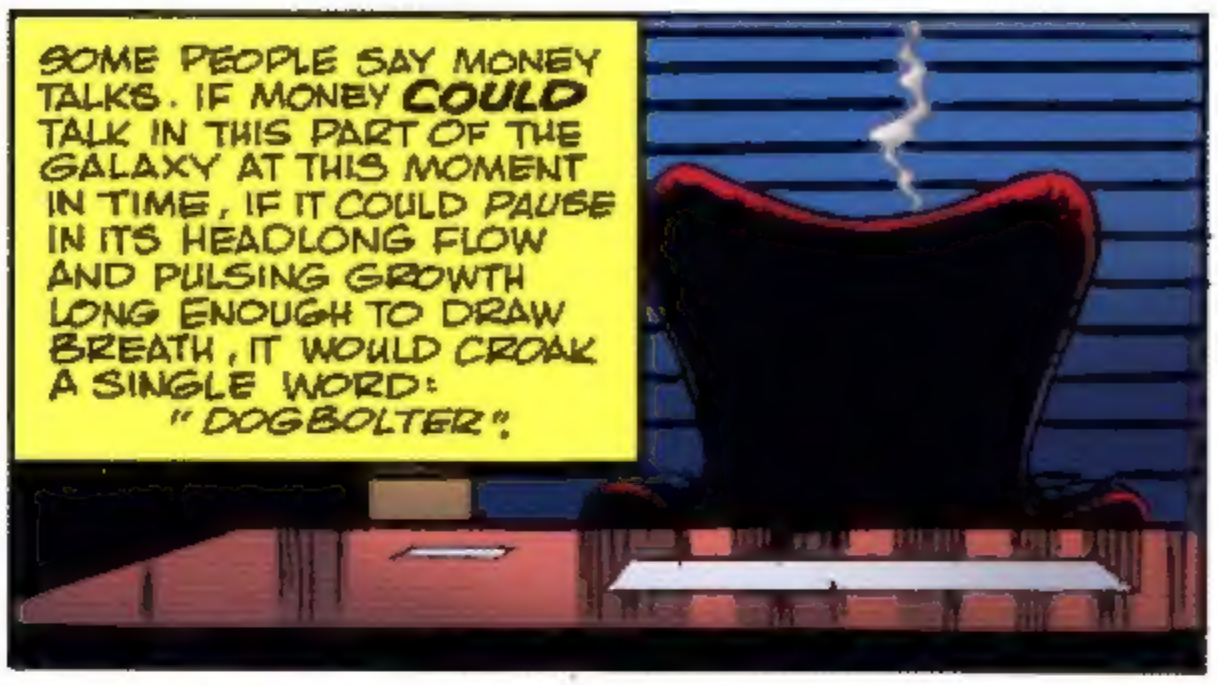
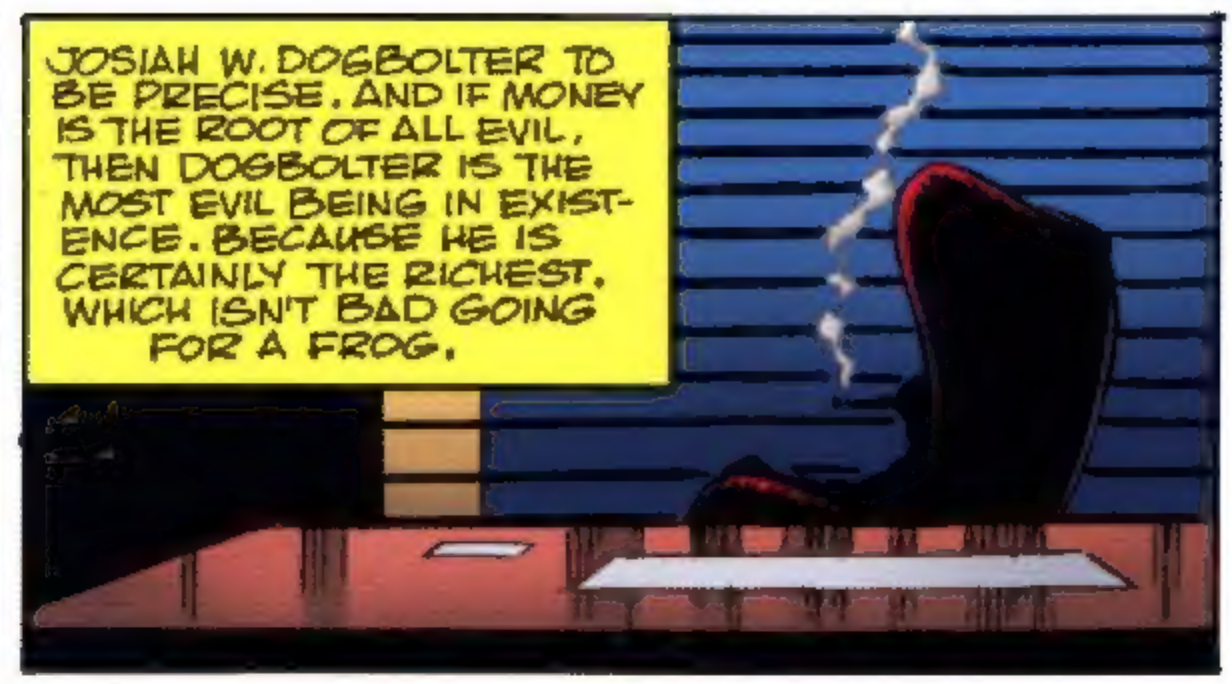




WELL, NOT STRICTLY A FROG. NOR STRICTLY A MAN NEITHER. BUT SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN NATURE HAD SEEN FIT TO RAISE A CRITTUR LIKE DOGBOLTER... A GREENBACK FROG. ORIGIN: UNKNOWN.

STATE OF THE MARKET, HOB. JUST A SUMMARY, IF YOU PLEASE.

DOGBOLTER HAD NO TIME FOR ORIGINS. ALL HE HAD TIME FOR WAS MONEY.

WARWORLD INVESTMENTS WENT UP TODAY TO FINISH AT 265.

MARTIAN MUNITIONS UP TWO POINTS ALSO.

THE WAR ON PHOBOS IS EXPECTED TO ESCALATE AND WE HAVE A MONOPOLY IN THAT AREA ON ARMAMENTS AND MEDICAL SUPPLIES.

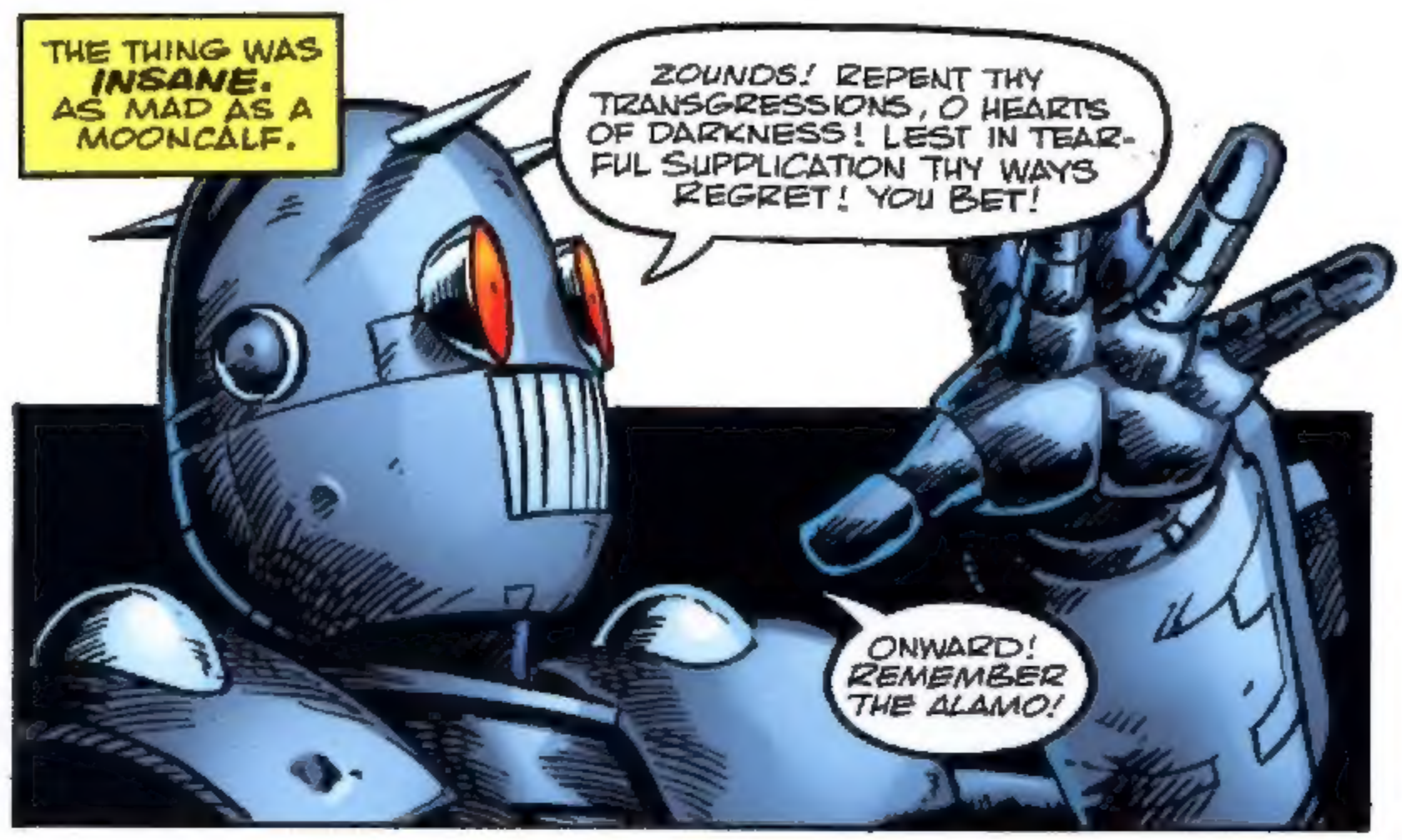
GOOD. NICE TOUCH.

WRITER: STEVE PARKHOUSE ARTIST: STEVE DILLON EDITOR: ALAN McKENZIE.

THEY'VE PUT IN A **WREKKA** TO DEAL WITH THE CULPRITS.

A **WREKKA.** A FRONT-LINE COMBAT ROBOT, A COMBINATION SAPPER/INFANTRYMAN. ARMOUR, INFRA-RED VISION, OVER 300 CONCEALED WEAPONS FROM THE MOST SOPHISTICATED HEAT-SENSITIVE GRENADE TO A 3FT. LONG DISEMBOWELLING SPIKE.

JUST ONE PROBLEM. THIS WREKKA HAD BEEN PULLED OUT OF FRONT-LINE DUTY BECAUSE OF BRAIN DAMAGE.
HEH, HEH!


THE THING WAS INSANE. AS MAD AS A MOONCALF.
ZOUNDS! REPENT THY TRANSGRESSIONS, O HEARTS OF DARKNESS! LEST IN TEARFUL SUPPLICATION THY WAYS REGRET! YOU BET!
ONWARD! REMEMBER THE ALAMO!

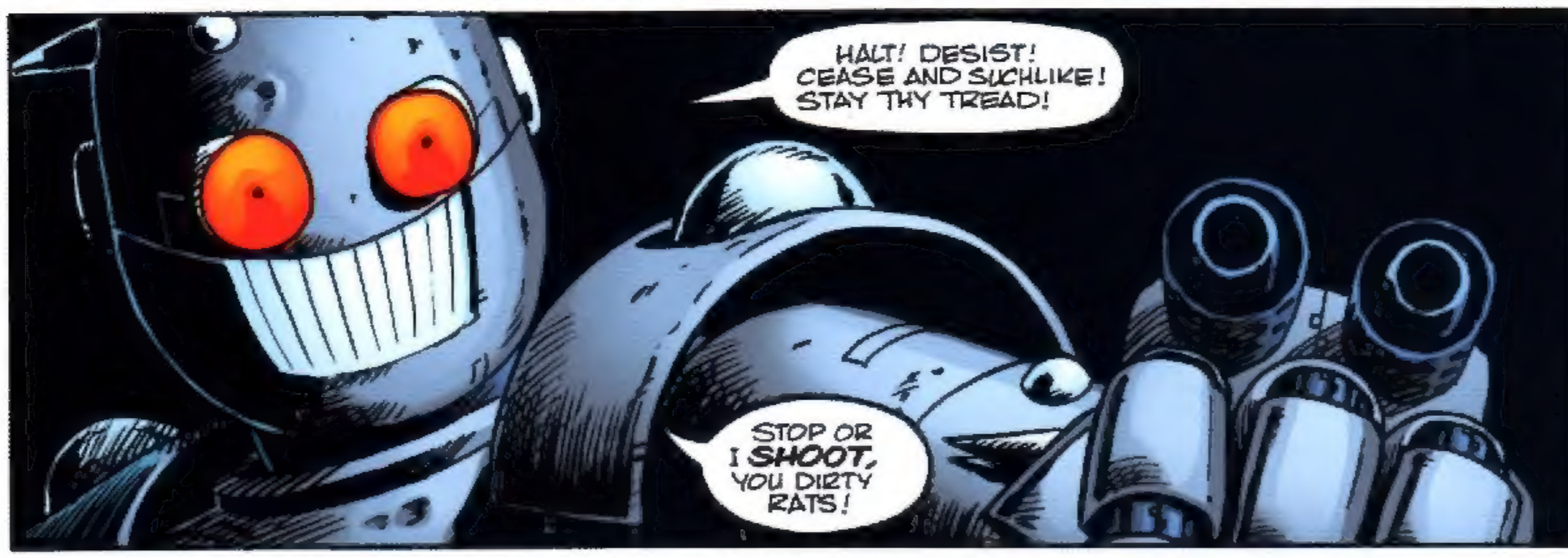
AT THAT MOMENT, DEEP BENEATH THE WREKKA'S HEAVY FEET...
HEY, DOC. DID YOU HEAR THAT NOISE?
YES. IT SOUNDED LIKE THE CLANKING OF CHAINS.
BOY, THAT'S ALL WE NEED. A HAUNTED TUNNEL.
SSHHH!

"WE'D BETTER GO BACK, GUS. THERE ARE GAUNTS EVERYWHERE. I'D RATHER NOT ADVERTISE OUR PRESENCE."

THERE'S ANOTHER PASSAGE BACK THERE...

ZOOKS! WHAT STUNTED PURVEYORS OF PERFIDY ARE THESE, WHO GYRE AND GIMBLE IN THE WAKE OF TROUBLESOME TURPITUDE? HO, THERE, VARLETS!

GUS...
DON'T TELL ME, DOC... I THINK I ALREADY KNOW...
RUN!


HALT! DESIST! CEASE AND SUCHLIKE! STAY THY TREAD!
STOP OR I SHOOT, YOU DIRTY RATS!

WHO'S THERE? PUT DOWN THAT WEAPON AND COME OUT!

COME OUT AND YOU WON'T BE HARMED!

Crak!
WOMP!
COME, LITTLE FRIENDS ... LET US SPEAK OF PEACE AND RECONCILIATION.
REMEMBER BANNOCKBURN!
dong!
HOLY MOLEY! REVOLUTION!
FWUB!

TEAR GAS! COME ON, GUS, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

YOU GOTTA HELP US! GET ME OUTTA THESE CHAINS!

THAM!

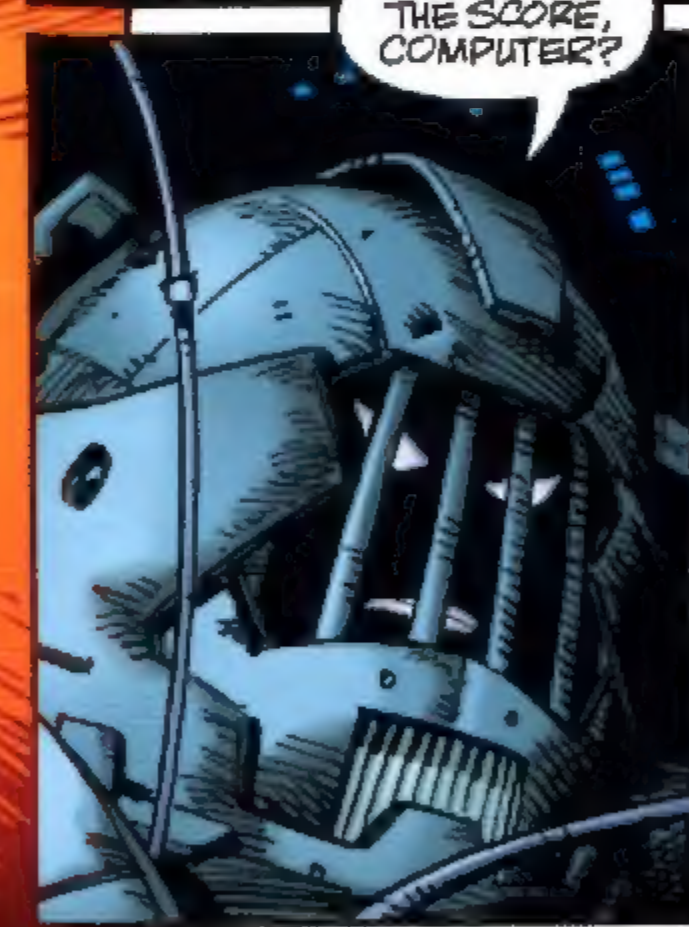
HERE BE TREACHERY, HERE BE TREASON... THE DOGS OF WAR DO BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS 'EM!
AVAUNT! REMEMBER THE IRON LADY!

A SMALL ASTEROID, SOMEWHERE IN THE DEEPS OF SPACE...
HELLO... MUM? IT'S MALCOLM. SORRY I COULDN'T 'PHONE SOONER, BUT I COULDN'T FIND A 'PHONE THAT WAS WORKING.

COME TO THAT, I COULDN'T FIND A 'PHONE BOX THAT WAS STILL STANDING...
PUBLIC CALL BOX

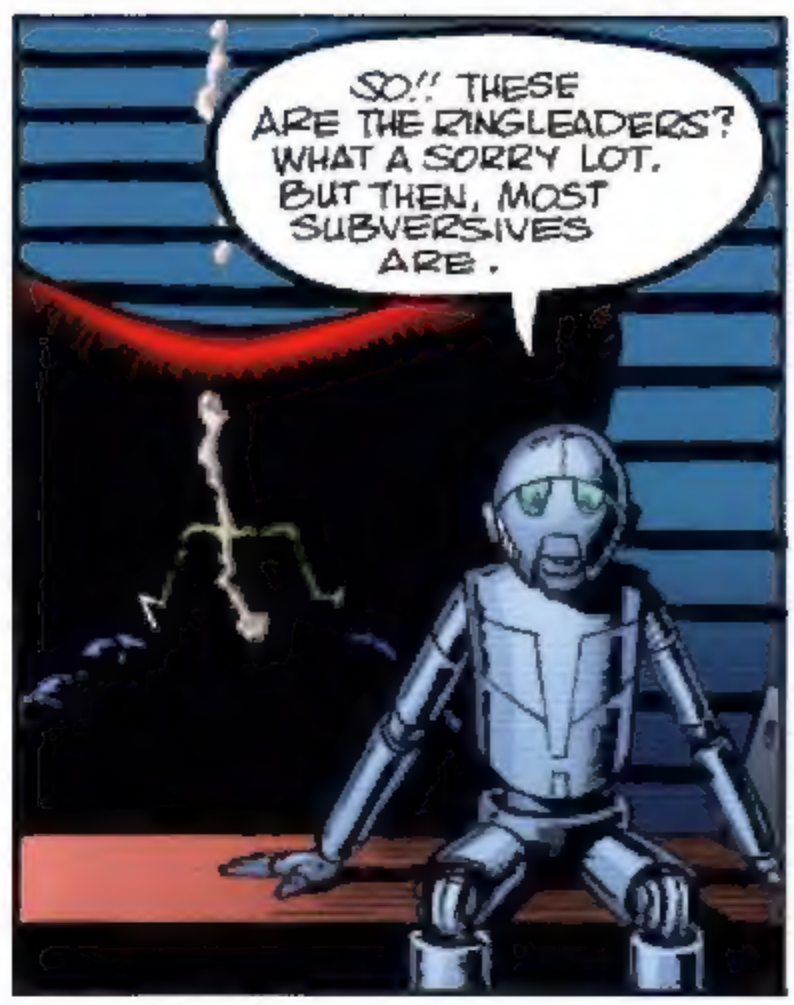
BOY... THEY MUST HAVE SOME HEAVY VANDALS IN THIS NECK OF THE WOODS, EH, MUM?

HELLO, MUM? ARE YOU STILL THERE? WE SEEM TO HAVE BEEN CUT OFF!

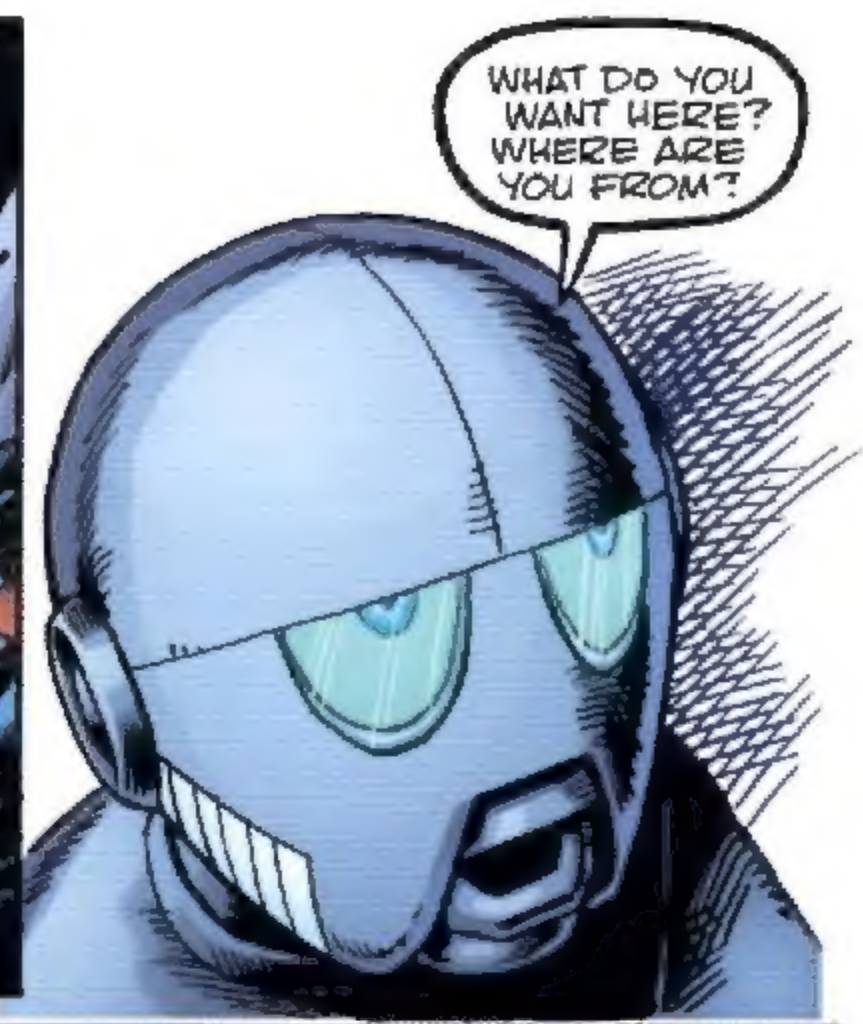

WHAT'S THE SCORE, COMPUTER?

ELEVEN · DOWN · THREE · HUNDRED TO · GO ·

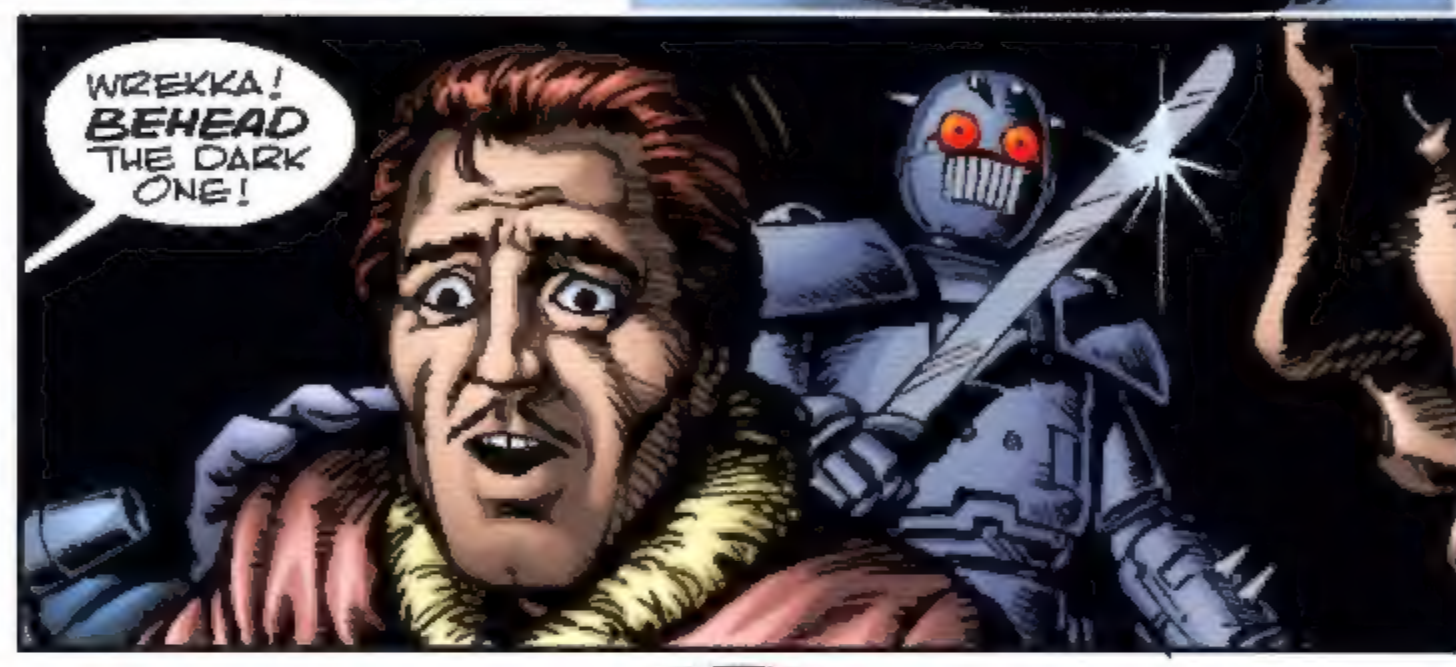
SHOOT! THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO DO THIS!


SO!! THESE ARE THE RINGLEADERS? WHAT A SORRY LOT. BUT THEN, MOST SUBVERSIVES ARE.

I ASSURE YOU, THAT WE ARE INNOCENT OF ANY CONSPIRACY.
IN THE FULNESS OF TIME, YOU'LL...

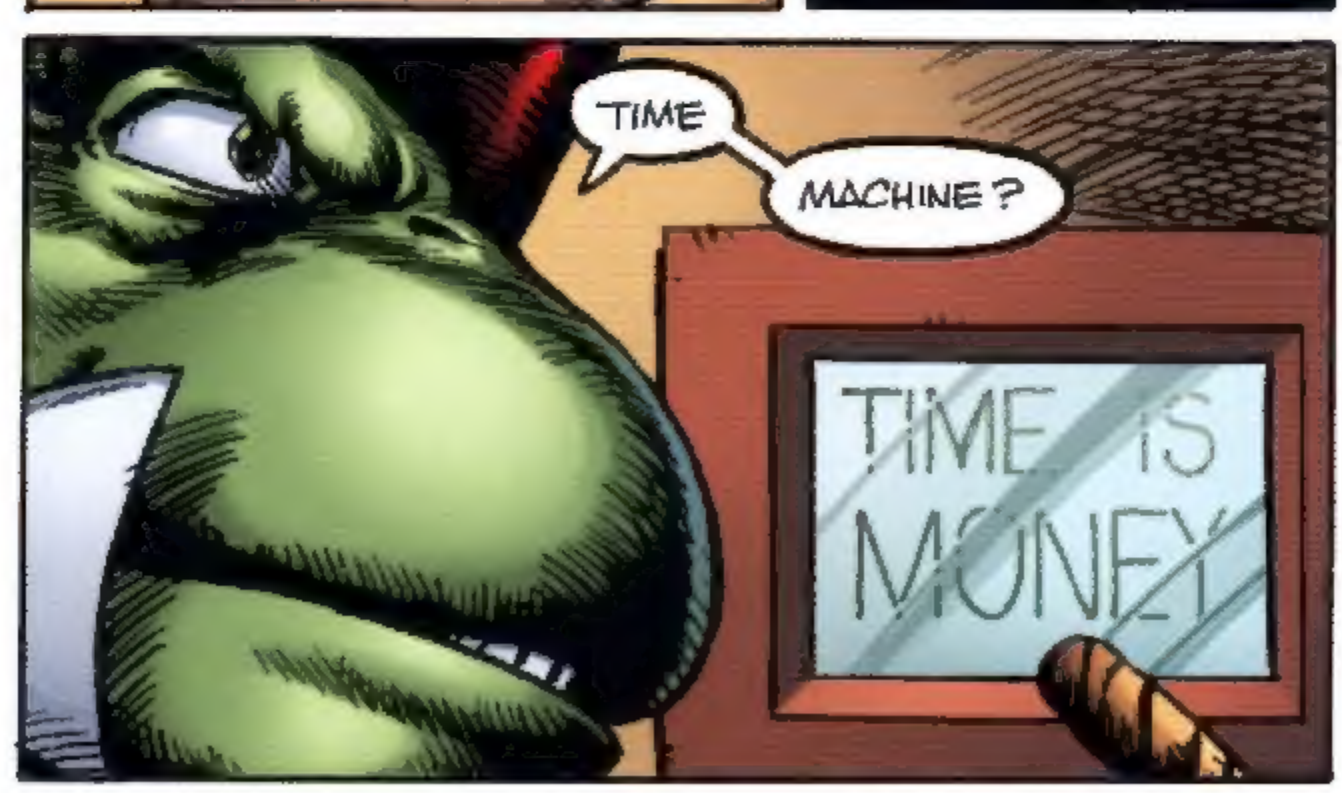

WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE? WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

HOW DID YOU GET HERE? NO LIES NOW. YOU WON'T SPEAK?


WREKKA! BEHEAD THE DARK ONE!

ALRIGHT! STOP!! WE CAME HERE IN A TIME MACHINE!

DID YOU SAY...

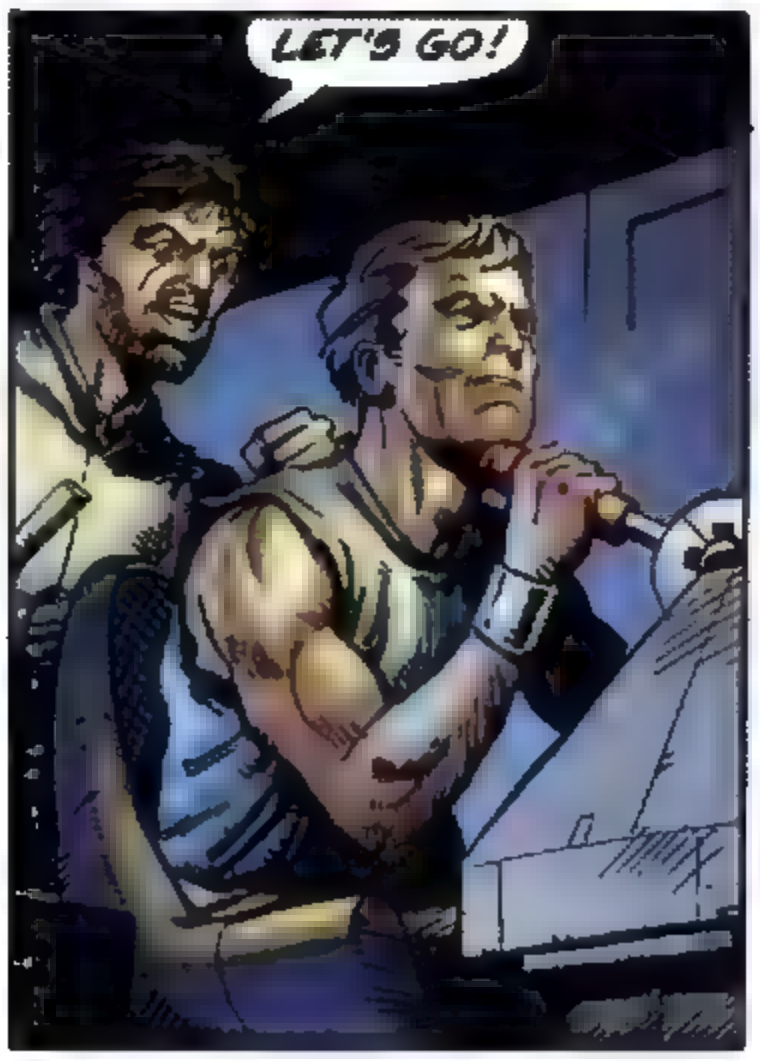

TIME
MACHINE?
TIME IS MONEY

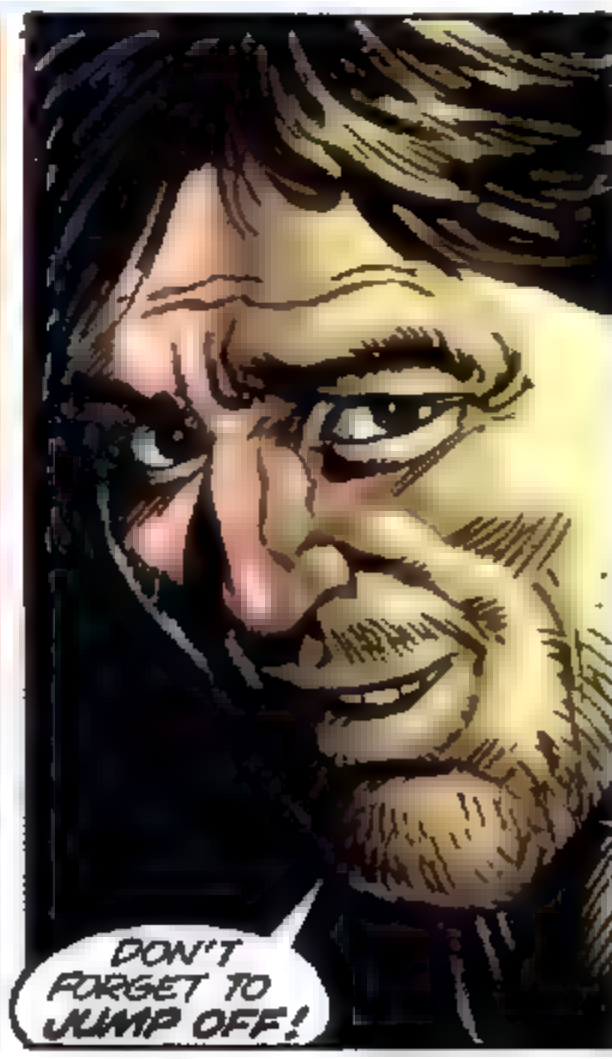
THE CORUNDUM MINING COMPANY WAS THE JEWEL IN THE CROWN OF THE VAST, INTERGALACTIC CORPORATION KNOWN AS INTRA-VENUS INC. NOT ONLY WAS IT A HIGHLY ORGANISED SOURCE OF NATURAL RUBIES...

IT WAS ALSO AN UNOFFICIAL PRISON CAMP FOR THE "MOLES"....THOSE WHO HAD TRANSGRESSED COMPANY LAW, OR THOSE WHO HAD SIMPLY OFFENDED THEIR BOSS, THE GREAT DOGBOLTER.

ACCOUNTANTS, COMPANY SECRETARIES, TAX LAWYERS, ALL MIXED IN WITH THE RANK CRIMINAL ELEMENT OF A DOZEN PLANETS...

IT WAS A VOLATILE MIXTURE OF BRAIN AND BRAWN. SO WHEN THE MOLES DECIDED ENOUGH WAS ENOUGH, NOTHING MUCH COULD STAND IN THEIR WAY.





WHILE INSIDE THE MAIN OFFICE, ALL IS STILL TRANQUIL...

HOW'S THIS FOR LOGIC, HOB? 'TIME IS MONEY. THEREFORE, **MORE** TIME IS **MORE** MONEY!

FLAWLESS, MR. DOGBOLTER. ABSOLUTELY FLAWLESS.

YOUR TIME MACHINE CAN PROVIDE ME WITH AN **ETERNITY** OF TIME. I'LL BUY IT FROM YOU.

NAME YOUR PRICE.

YOU CAN'T **BUY** THE TARDIS. NO MORE THAN YOU COULD BUY THE RINGS OF SATURN.

MR. DOGBOLTER **OWNS** THE PLANETS MARS, JUPITER AND VENUS. PLUS A SCORE OF WORLDS IN OTHER SYSTEMS.

COME NOW. LET'S NOT QUIBBLE. NAME A PRICE AND YOU'LL GET PAID.

ALRIGHT. ALRIGHT. I'D HATE ANYBODY TO THINK I'M BEING **INFLEXIBLE**. I'LL NAME MY PRICE.

DOC... ARE YOU **SURE** ABOUT THIS?

YES? WELL? COME ON... JUST NAME IT. I'M **WAITING**.

I'D LIKE HALF A POUND...

...OF FROGSPAWN.

IT HAD BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE J.W. DOGBOLTER HAD KNOWN REAL ANGER. HE'D BEEN **ANNOYED** QUITE RECENTLY. BUT THIS WAS DIFFERENT...

RUMBLE! RUMBLE!

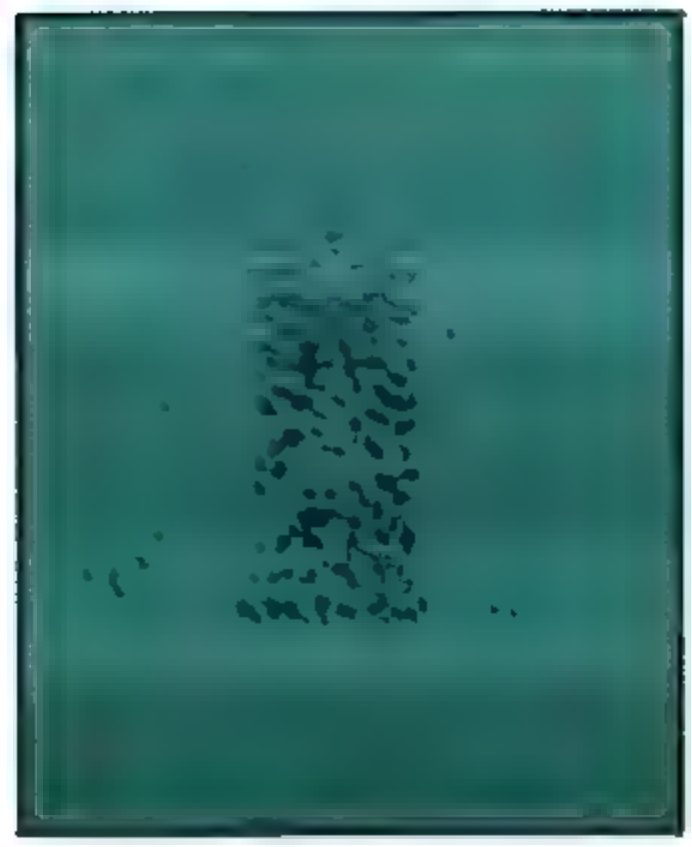
THIS WAS DEEP, WHITE-HOT, KNEE-TREMBLING **FURY**. THE GREAT JOSIAH W. DOGBOLTER HAD BECOME A SMALL, GREEN **VOLCANO**...

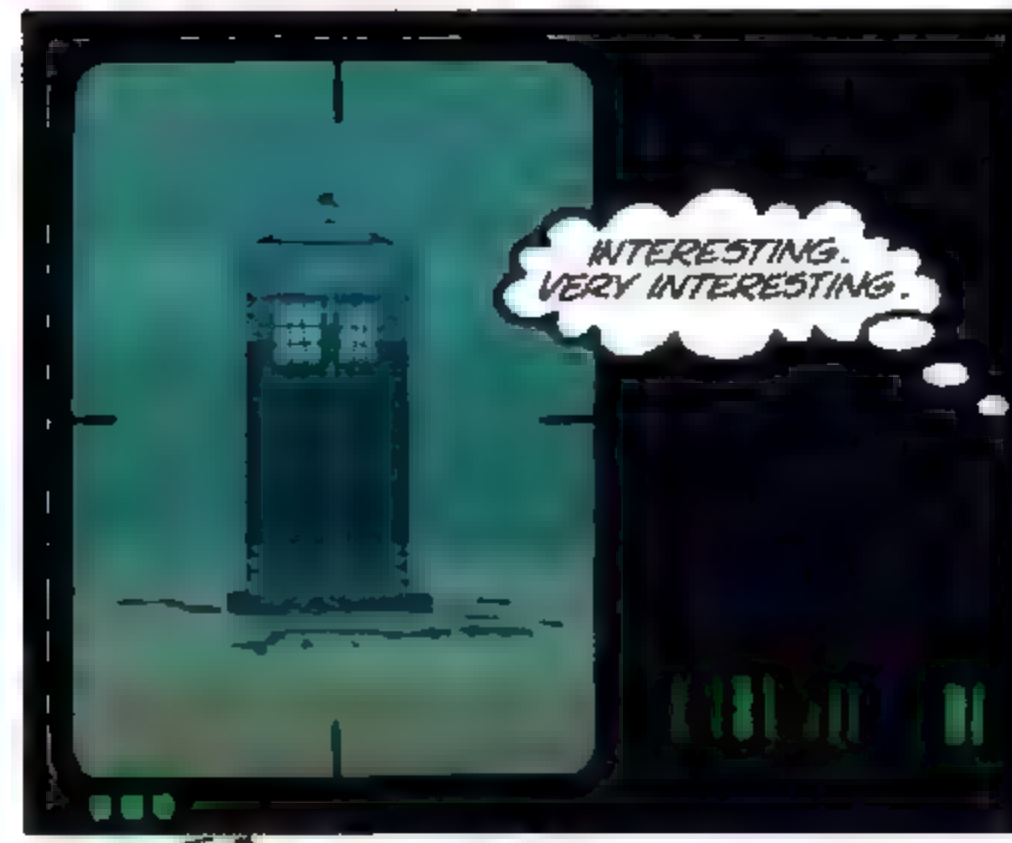
RUMBLE! RUMBLE!

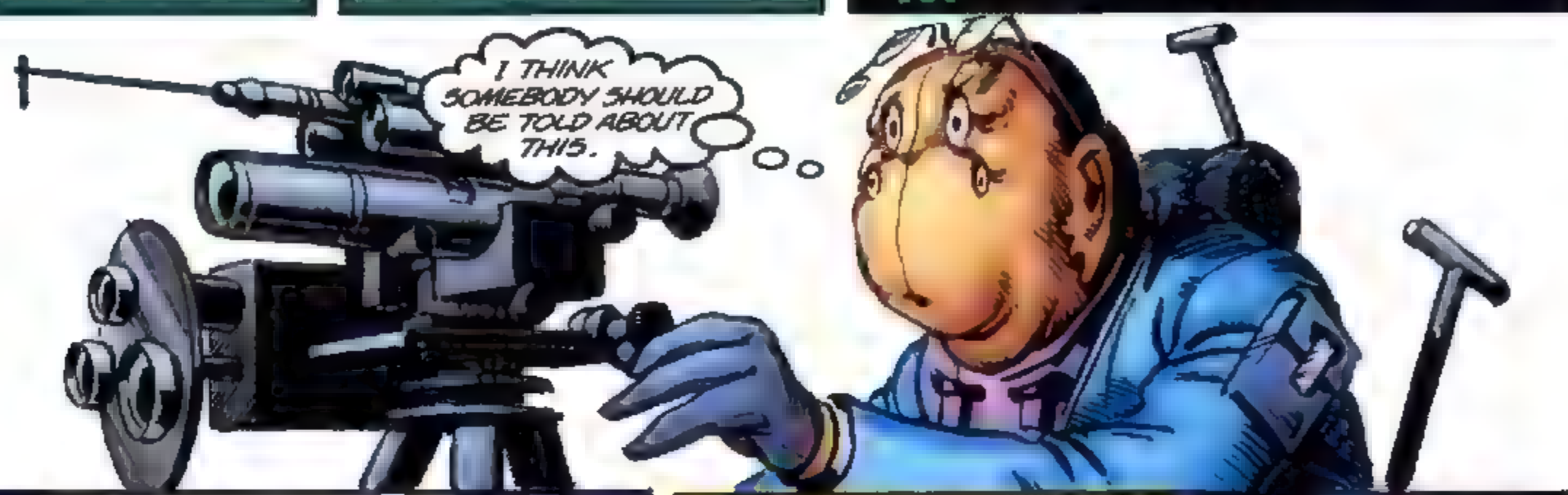
WHEN... QUITE SUDDENLY...

KE-RAAAASH!!

BOOOOOM!



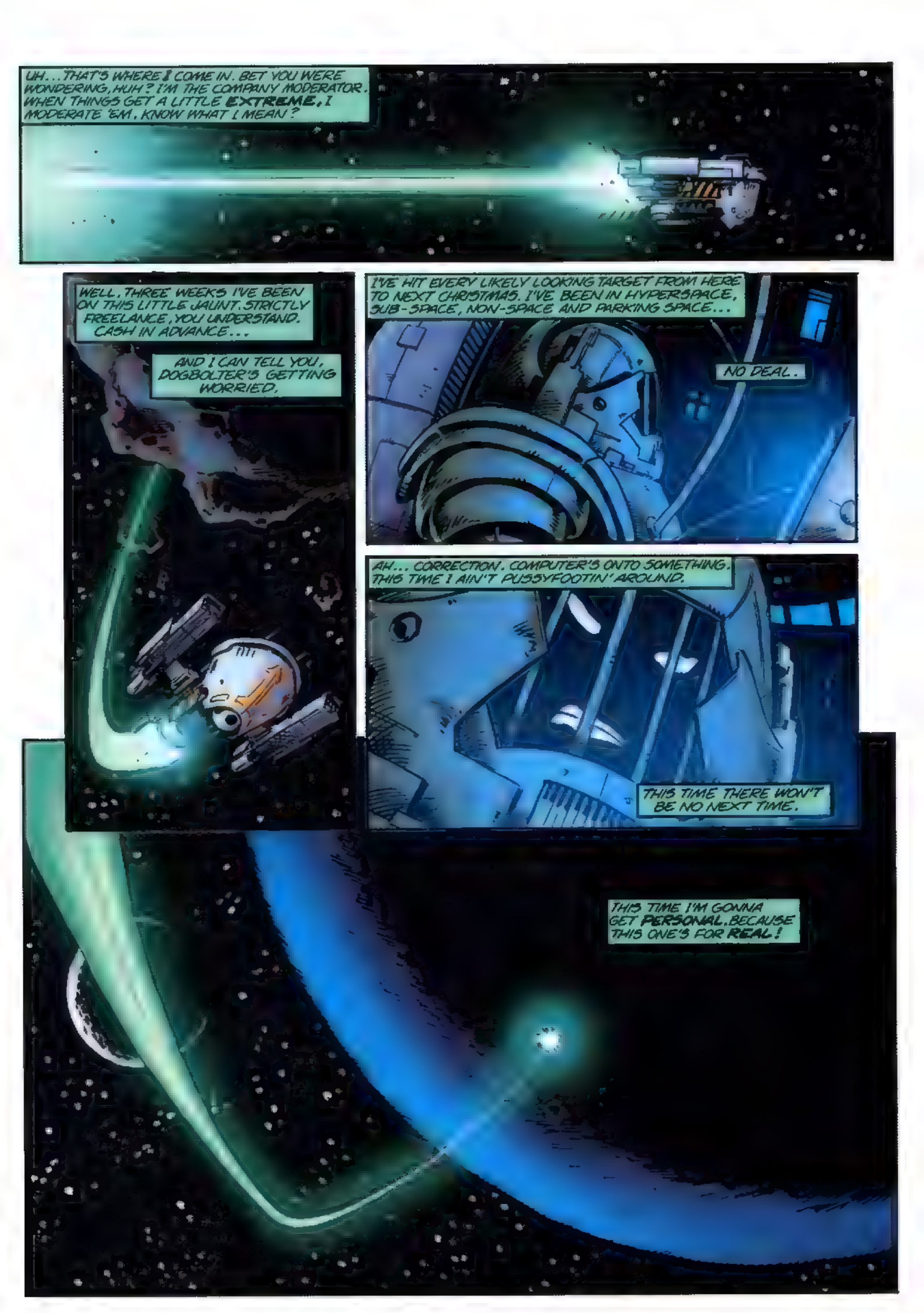

INTERESTING. VERY INTERESTING.

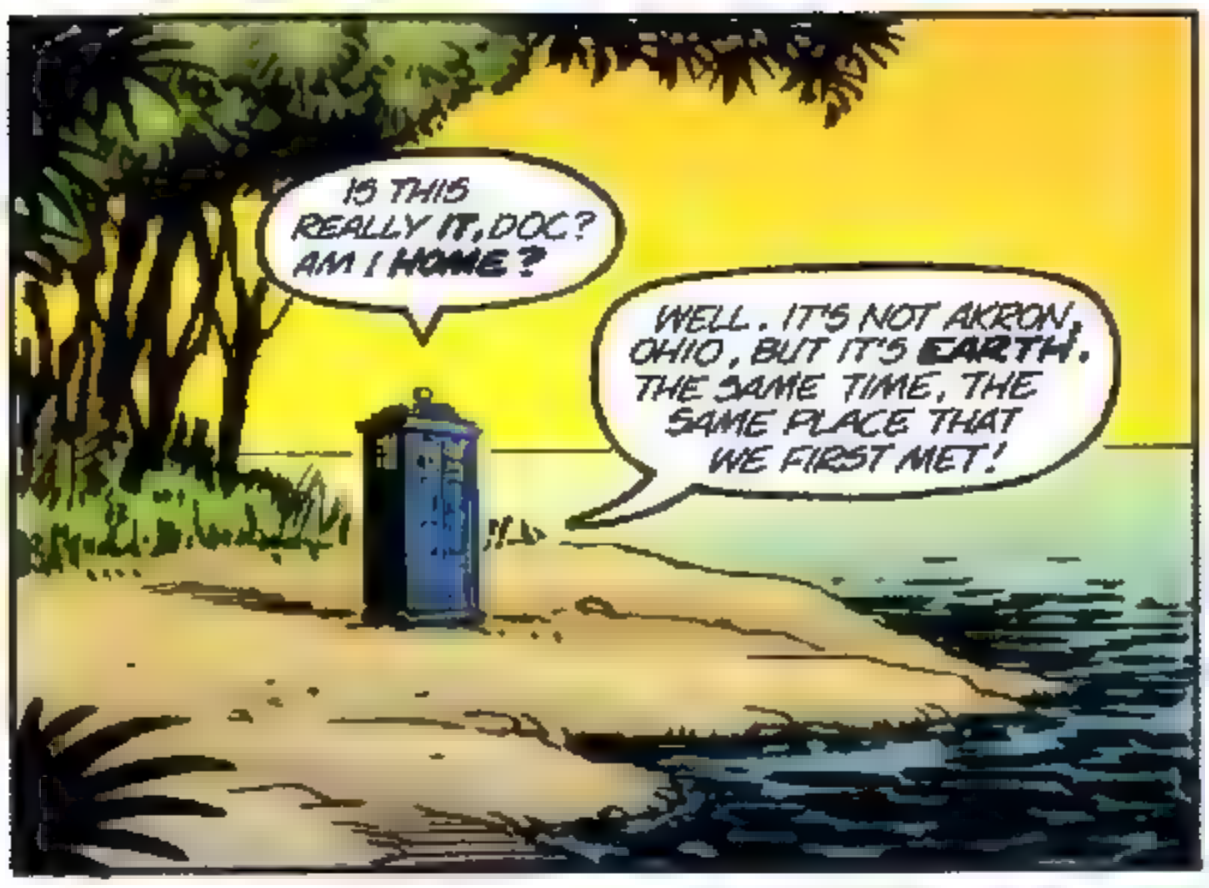

I THINK SOMEBODY SHOULD BE TOLD ABOUT THIS.

NOW I'M SURE SOMEBODY SHOULD BY TOLD ABOUT THIS! I'M ONLY A HUMBLE ENGINEER, BUT THIS LOOKS IMPORTANT.

SO J.W. DOGBOLTER WAS FINALLY PULLED FROM THE WRECKAGE...

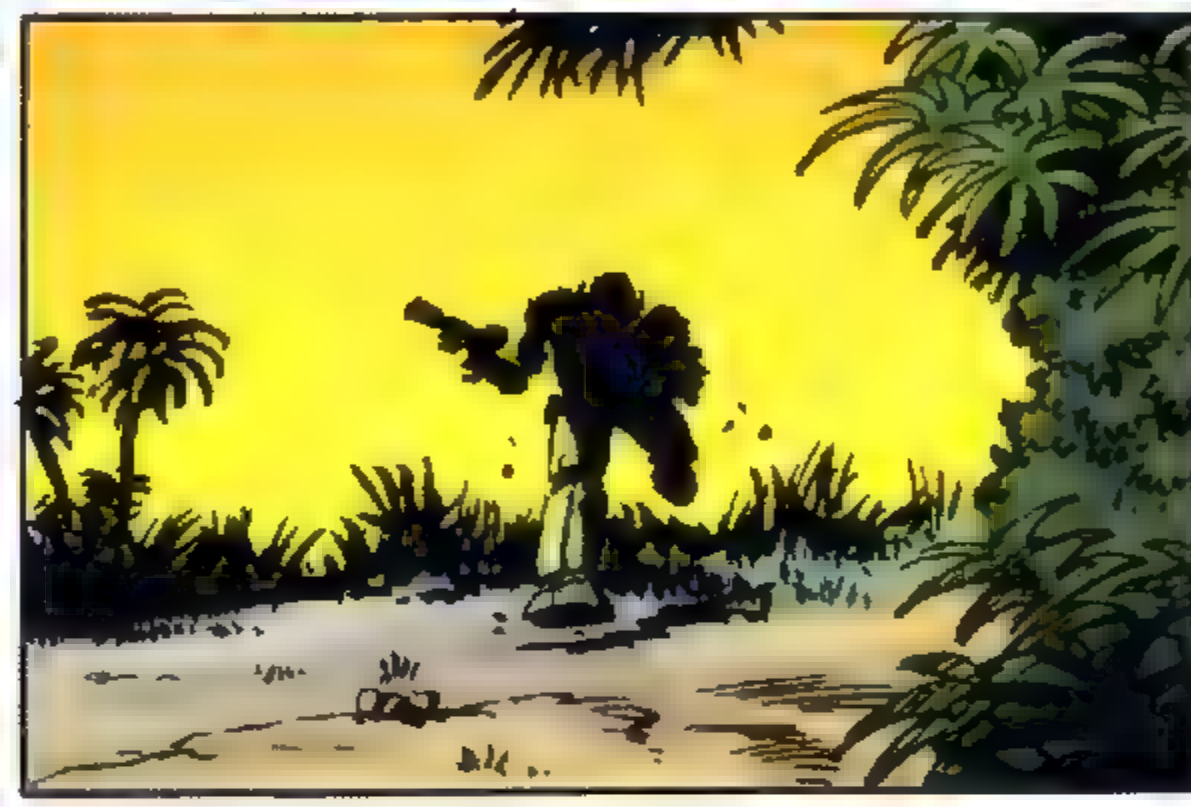
GIVEN A HOT BATH, CLEAN CLOTHES, A FRESH CIGAR AND HIS FAVOURITE SUITE ON A STAR-HOPPING CRUISE LINER...
WHEN THE MINING ENGINEER'S REPORT CAME THROUGH. DOGBOLTER THOUGHT DEEPLY FOR ABOUT FIVE SECONDS...
THEN DECIDED...
GET ME THE MODERATOR!


UH...THAT'S WHERE I COME IN. BET YOU WERE WONDERING, HUH? I'M THE COMPANY MODERATOR. WHEN THINGS GET A LITTLE EXTREME, I MODERATE 'EM. KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
WELL, THREE WEEKS I'VE BEEN ON THIS LITTLE JAUNT. STRICTLY FREELANCE, YOU UNDERSTAND. CASH IN ADVANCE...
AND I CAN TELL YOU, DOGBOLTER'S GETTING WORRIED.
I'VE HIT EVERY LIKELY LOOKING TARGET FROM HERE TO NEXT CHRISTMAS. I'VE BEEN IN HYPERSPACE, SUB-SPACE, NON-SPACE AND PARKING SPACE...
NO DEAL.
AH... CORRECTION. COMPUTER'S ONTO SOMETHING. THIS TIME I AIN'T PUSSYFOOTIN' AROUND.
THIS TIME THERE WON'T BE NO NEXT TIME.
THIS TIME I'M GONNA GET PERSONAL, BECAUSE THIS ONE'S FOR REAL!


IS THIS REALLY IT, DOC? AM I HOME?
WELL. IT'S NOT AKRON, OHIO, BUT IT'S EARTH. THE SAME TIME, THE SAME PLACE THAT WE FIRST MET!

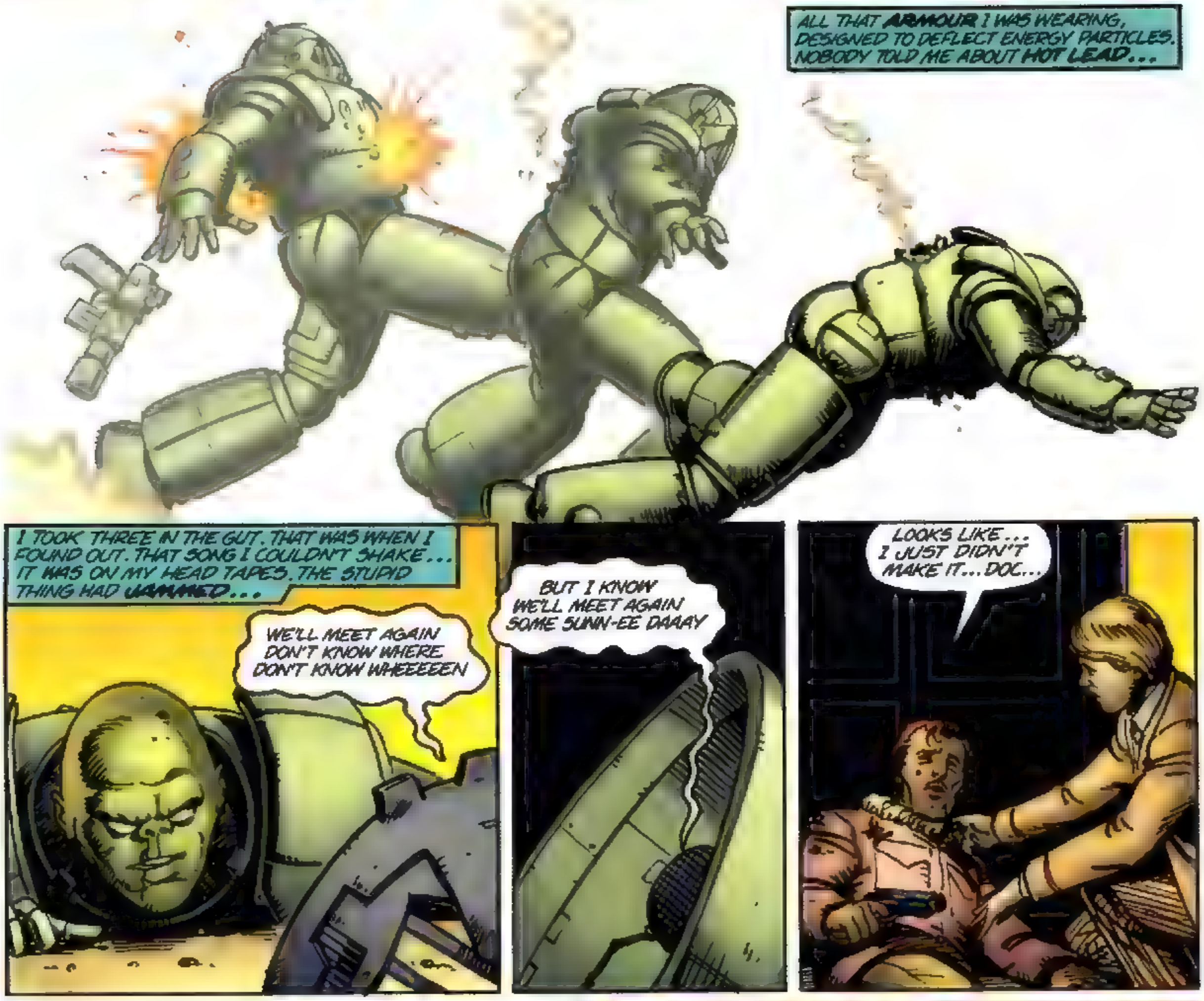
I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES HERE, DOC.
NO OFFENCE, BUT I'VE HAD ENOUGH JAUNTING AROUND FOR ONE LIFETIME.
POLICE
BOX

WHAT THE HECK IS THAT?

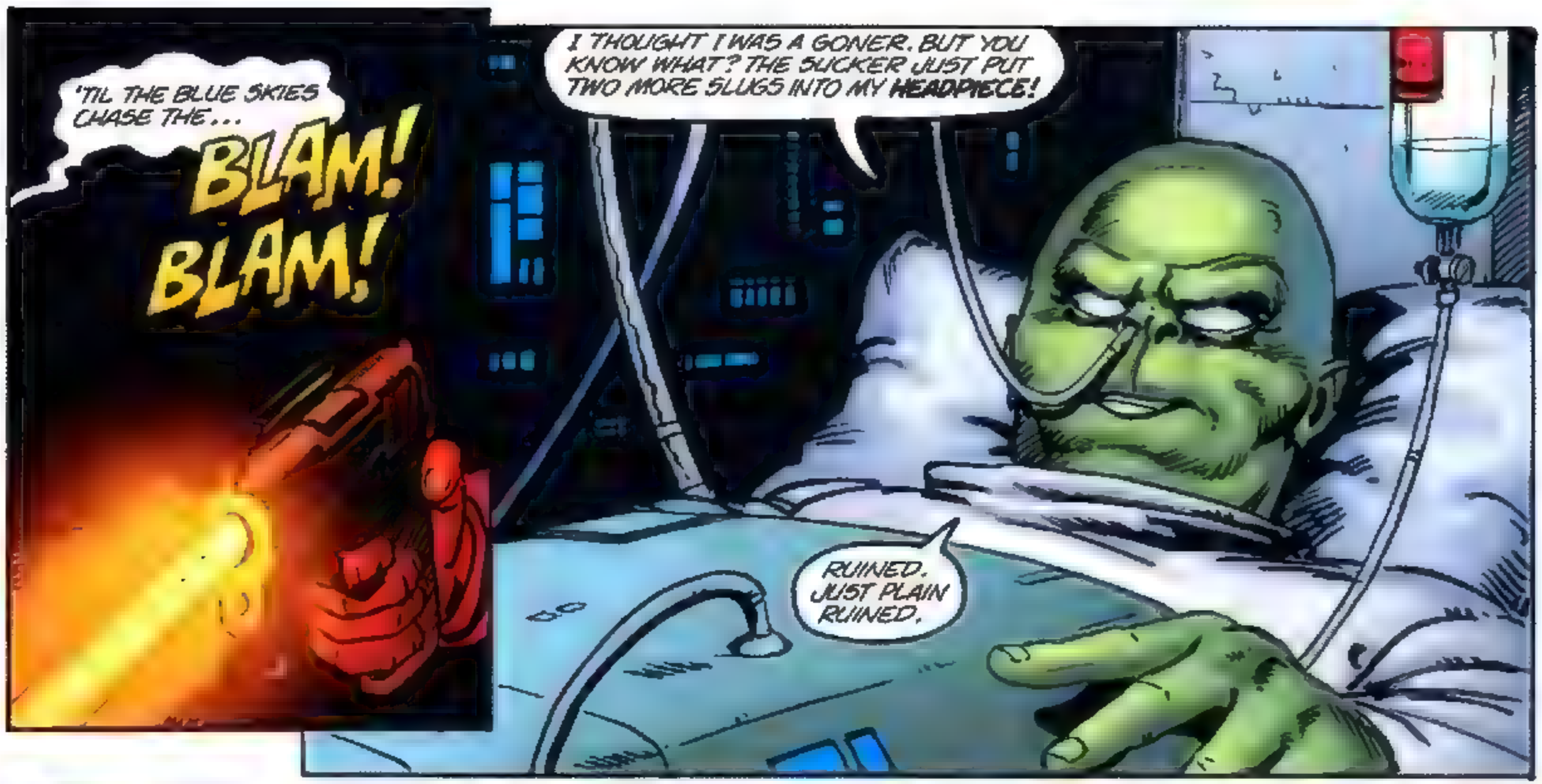


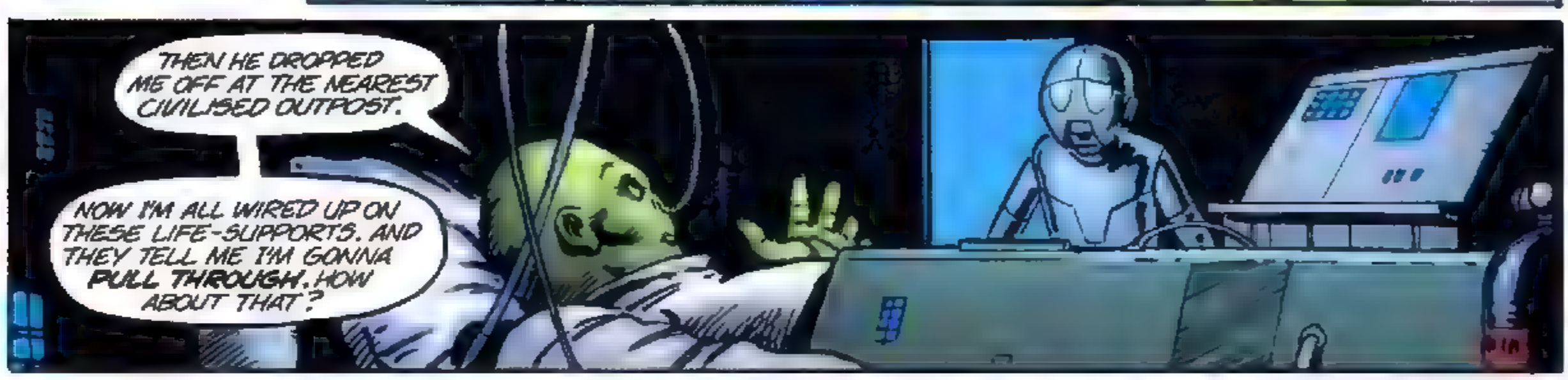
WHABB!
WHABB!
WHABB!

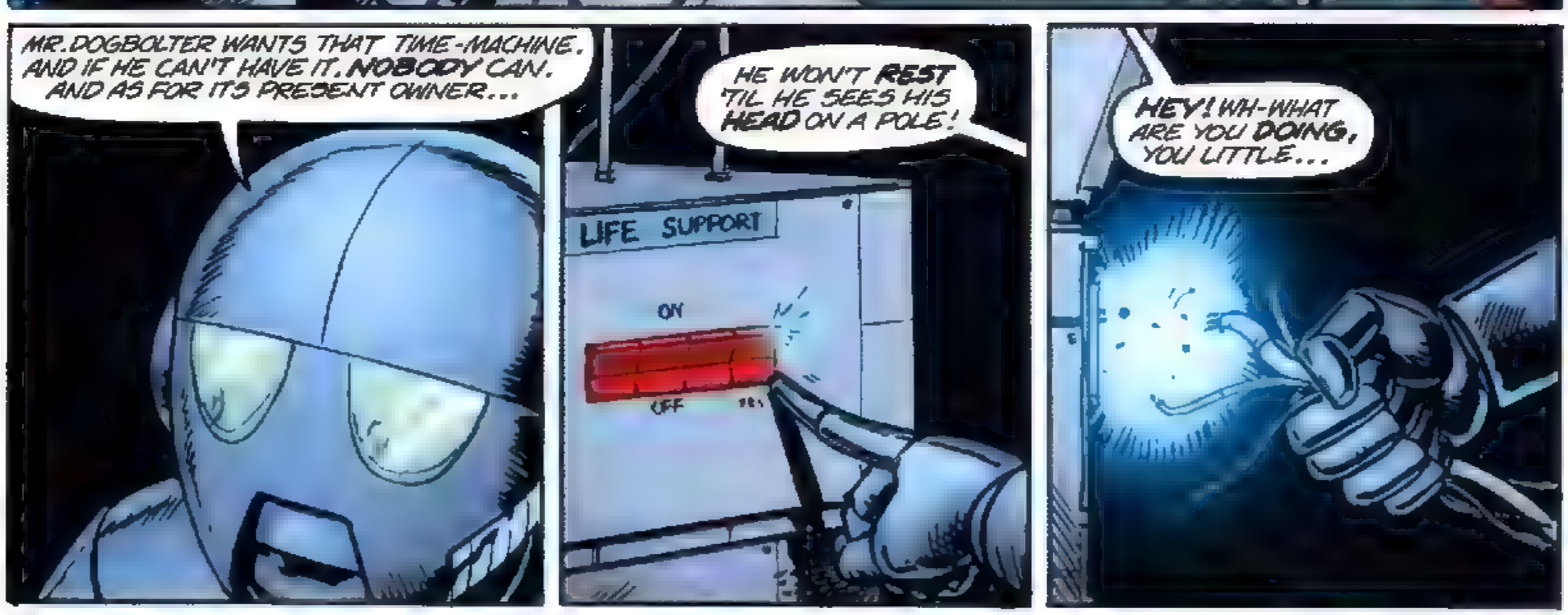
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

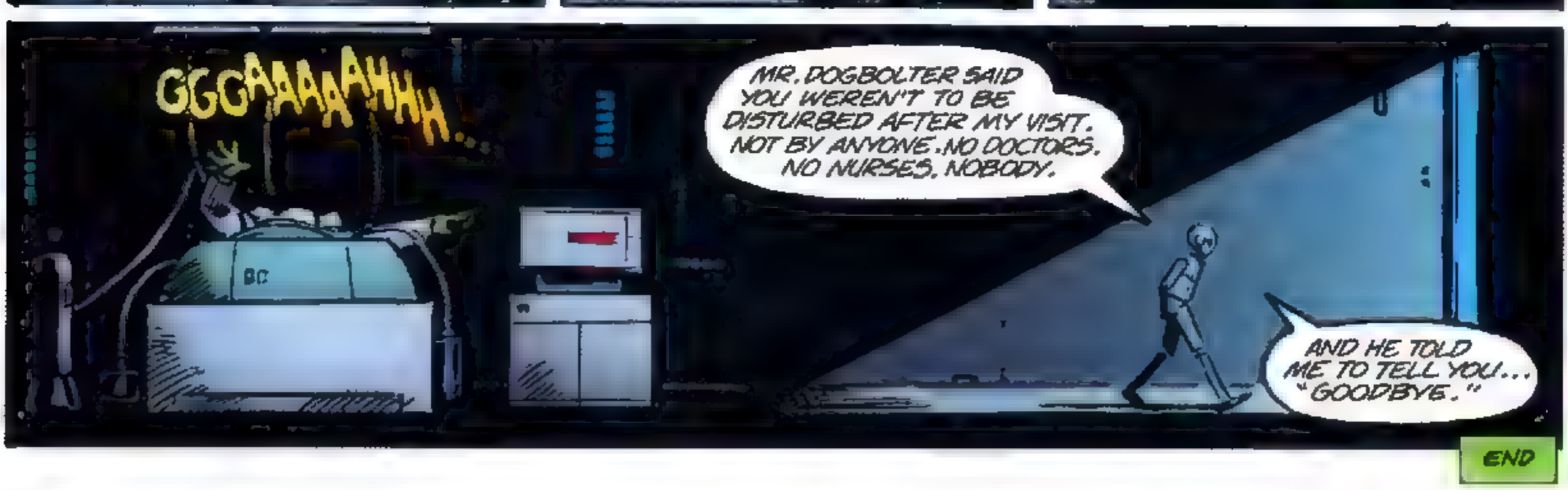

ALL THAT ARMOUR I WAS WEARING, DESIGNED TO DEFLECT ENERGY PARTICLES. NOBODY TOLD ME ABOUT HOT LEAD...
I TOOK THREE IN THE GUT. THAT WAS WHEN I FOUND OUT. THAT SONG I COULDN'T SHAKE... IT WAS ON MY HEAD TAPES. THE STUPID THING HAD JAMMED...
WE'LL MEET AGAIN DON'T KNOW WHERE DON'T KNOW WHEEEEEN
BUT I KNOW WE'LL MEET AGAIN SOME SUNN-EE DAAAY
LOOKS LIKE... I JUST DIDN'T MAKE IT... DOC...

KEEP SMILIN' THROUGH JUST LIKE YOU ALWAYS DOOOO

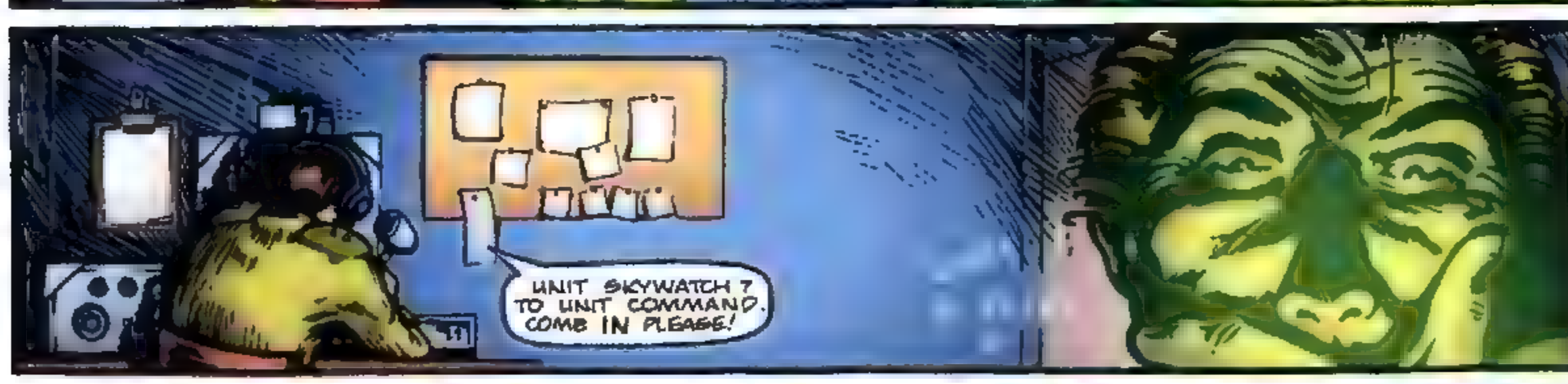

'TIL THE BLUE SKIES CHASE THE...
BLAM! BLAM!
I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? THE SUCKER JUST PUT TWO MORE SLUGS INTO MY HEADPIECE!
RUINED. JUST PLAIN RUINED.


THEN HE DROPPED ME OFF AT THE NEAREST CIVILISED OUTPOST.
NOW I'M ALL WIRED UP ON THESE LIFE-SUPPORTS. AND THEY TELL ME I'M GONNA PULL THROUGH. HOW ABOUT THAT?


MR. DOGBOLTER WANTS THAT TIME-MACHINE. AND IF HE CAN'T HAVE IT, NOBODY CAN. AND AS FOR ITS PRESENT OWNER...
HE WON'T REST 'TIL HE SEES HIS HEAD ON A POLE!
LIFE SUPPORT
ON
OFF
HEY! WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU LITTLE...


GGGAAAAAHHH...
MR. DOGBOLTER SAID YOU WEREN'T TO BE DISTURBED AFTER MY VISIT. NOT BY ANYONE. NO DOCTORS. NO NURSES. NOBODY.
AND HE TOLD ME TO TELL YOU... "GOODBYE."
END

SKYWATCH-7



SCRIPT: MAXWELL STOCKBRIDGE / ART: MICK AUSTIN

GOOD HEAVENS!
BLIMEY!
JOHN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I'M FINE. IT'S JUST A LITTLE COLD OUTSIDE. NO SIGN OF THE METEORITE.
I THINK SOME REST WOULD DO YOU GOOD, JOHN. IT'S ABOUT TIME WE TURNED IN, ANYHOW.

WAKE ME IF YOU SEE ANYTHING UNUSUAL, TOBEY. I'LL TAKE OVER AT FOUR!

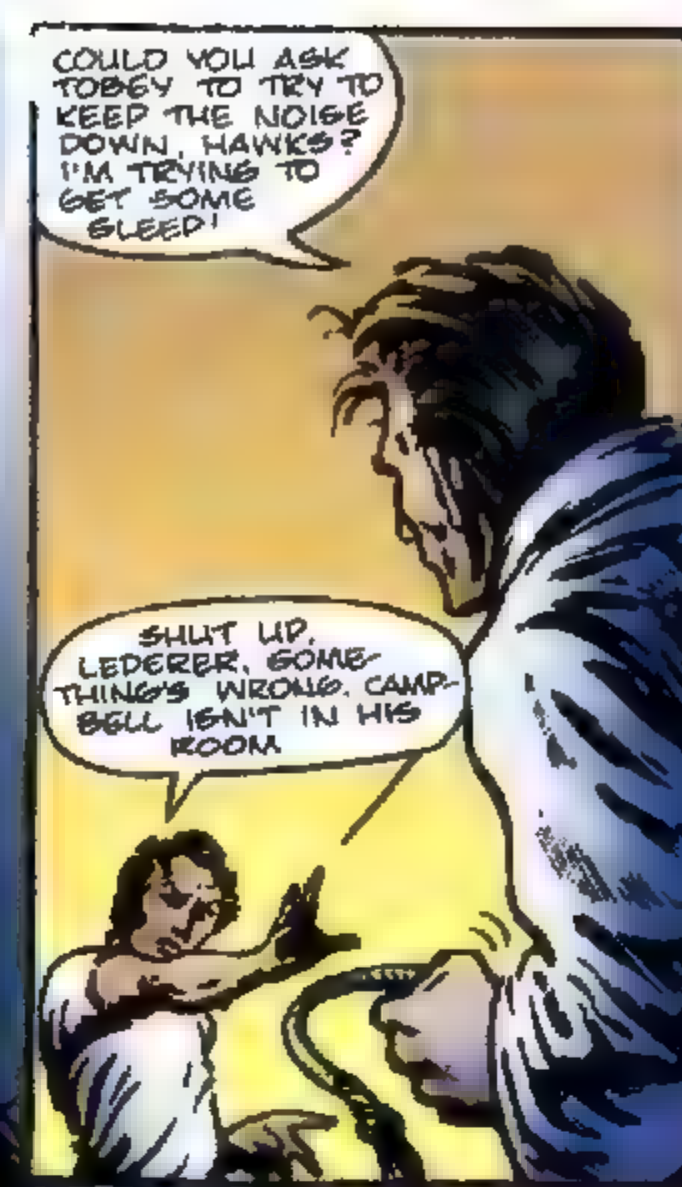
CLICK!

GASP!

UUNGHH!

THWACK!
THWACK!

WHAT THE BLAZES IS GOING ON?


COULD YOU ASK TOBEY TO TRY TO KEEP THE NOISE DOWN, HAWKS? I'M TRYING TO GET SOME SLEEP!
SHUT UP, LEDERER. SOMETHING'S WRONG. CAMPBELL ISN'T IN HIS ROOM

GOOD HEAVENS!
NO LIGHTS!
CRASH!

JOHN!

OWWW!
LOOK OUT!

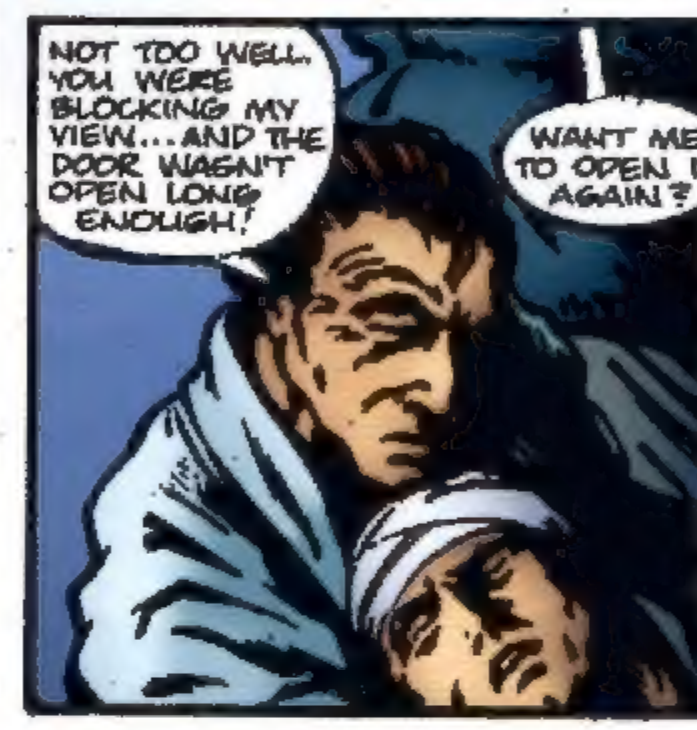
BLASTED MANIAC!

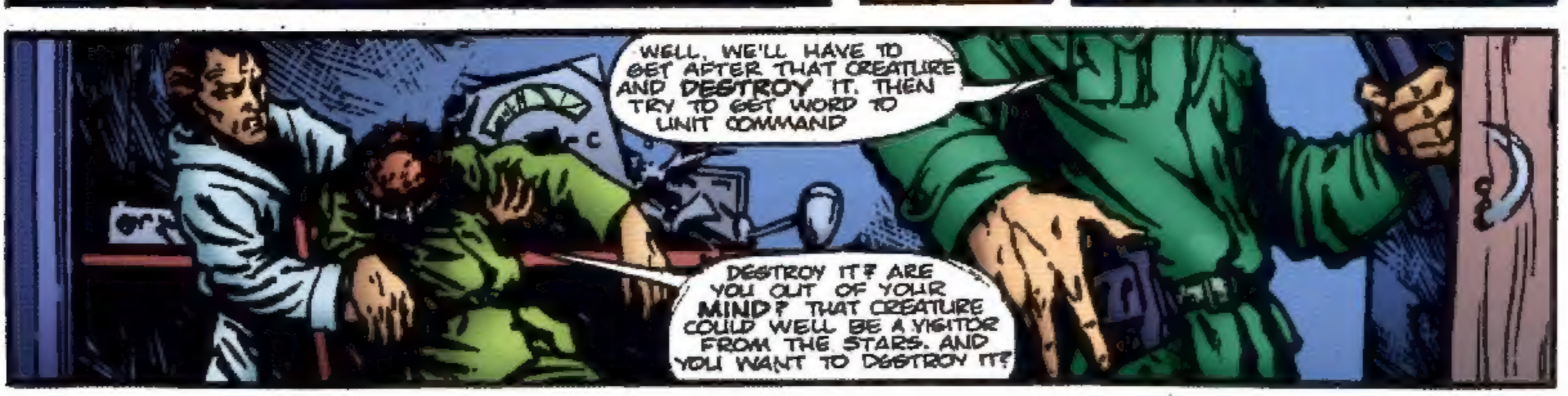
HE CAN'T GO FAR DRESSED LIKE THAT!

oh my..!

SKYWATCH-7

PART TWO





LEDERER, IF WE GET OUT OF THIS, I'M GOING TO BE TOO RELIEVED TO CARE WHAT YOU DO...
HOW ARE YOU FEELING, TOBEY?
BIT OF A HEADACHE, SIR. OTHERWISE 'ALL RIGHT!

COME ON, DOCTOR. WE'VE GOT AN ALIEN TO FIND!
NOW, 'ANG ON A MINUTE.. I'M NOT STAYING HERE BY MYSELF! NOT WITH THAT FELLOW ON THE LOOSE!

CAPTAIN HAWKS PAUSES FOR ONLY A MOMENT...
OKAY, TOBEY. YOU CAN COME. BUT STICK CLOSE...

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT, DOCTOR?
THE IMPLICATIONS ARE TERRIFYING. THE THE MAN WE SAW WAS NOT CAMPBELL, BUT THE ALIEN WEARING HIS SHAPE...
OH, LLIMME. I WISH I 'ADN'T COME, NOW!

SO WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REAL CAMPBELL?

THE ANSWER TO THAT IS PROBABLY AT THE END OF THAT TRAIL!
TAKE YOUR TIME, GENTS. I'M IN NO 'URRY!

THE THREE MEN HEAD FOR THE COVER OF THE VEHICLE SHED

CLIK!
PRRIIIP!

I...I...

BLAM! BLAM!
GGGG!
ARRGH!

YOU BLITHERING IDIOT! YOU'VE KILLED CAMPBELL – THE REAL ONE!
BUT... BUT WHERE'S THE CREATURE?

RRAARR!
THERE, HAWKS!

WATCH OUT, HAWKS!
RRRAARR!

UUNNHHH!
RRRAAARRR!

DOCTOR WHO CLASSICS RETURNS IN MARCH!